

# BRITISH WORKMAN



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### "FATHER, PLEASE COME HOME EARLY."

**W**Y E heard a bright-eyed and affectionate looking boy say these words to his father, as the latter was leaving the door of his home early in the morning, to attend to his daily duties in the workshop. And why was this dear boy so anxious to secure from his father the promise of an early return in the evening? We happen to know the reason. It was because this kind letter is in the habit of devoting as many evenings in the week as he can spare from other claims, to the society and improvement of his children. And he has such a clever and pleasing way of imparting instruction to his boys and girls, that they never seem tired of listening to him, and never feel that what he says is dry and uninteresting. In this industrious working and frugal man's home there are books of travels, of biography, of history, geography, natural science, &c. There are maps and pictures, and games of different kinds, all purchased by the pennies which so many spend at the alehouse. Sometimes this father tells what he has seen and heard and read, and draws useful lessons from everything, so that the children find it both pleasant and profitable when he is with them, and love to learn, useful lessons in this way, they also learn to love home as the dearest spot on earth, and are seldom anxious to spend an evening at any place but home.

And what a happy father our friend is! We saw his eye sparkle with delight and love as the little boy requested so eagerly that he would come home early. There was no need of urging him, for his heart turns to that home wherever he is, as the needle to the pole. It is a home where God is honoured, and His blessing rests upon it.

Would that all fathers felt as our friend feels, loved as he loves, and made home, with its delightful duties, the chosen resort, the earthly Eden of the heart.

### DON'T STAY LONG.

"Don't stay long, husband!" said a newly dressed wife and mother, in my presence one evening as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told of the vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smiling face shone on her earthly joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband," and I laughed. I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight; and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet—not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband," and again I thought I could see the young wife rocking herself nervously in the green arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless protector prodded her stay to a late hour of the night.

O, you that have good and loving wives that say when you go forth—

"Don't stay long," think of them kindly when you are mingling in the

busy hire of life, and try to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems so seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with the presence of a pious woman's influence, will afford.

Think of it, husbands, when your wives say to you "Don't stay long!"—

### A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The working men of England, ever since the introduction of Christianity, have been for the most part a strong handed, stout hearted, and clear headed people—brave, kind and free.

They were men of high character, and their great fault for many ages has been, and still is, the love of strong drink. This, and this only, has kept them from being the most virtuous, happy, and prosperous people on the face of the earth. Whenever a man has had health, strength, talent, and industry, and has kept clear of the love of strong drink, he has had, and still has, in his dear old England, a fair chance of great property. His being born a poor man need not keep him down. The poorest have often risen—some by wisdom to be mighty, and many by diligence to be rich. Examples of this latter kind are common in our time; but let us not suppose they belong only to our time. There are some working men of the past ages, who lived noble lives, died Christian deaths, and left wealth to the world that has benefited each succeeding generation. During the period when Prince Henry the VIII. was on the throne, there was a poor couple at Tiverton in Devonshire, who had hard work to maintain a numerous family. As to schooling, that was not to be had by such as they, for the times were troubled, and all they could do—and a tough job it was—was to provide food for the soul, and clothes for the backs of their children. One boy among them was named Peter, and he seemed to have a good deal of the sense and earnestness of the Peter we read of in Holy Writ. As soon as he could be of any use he got employed as an errand boy among the carriers. Now at that time there was neither coach nor wagon for passengers or the transmission of goods from place to place. Pack horses were used, and the men who guided them, sometimes walking a pace, then taking a lift before the pack with which the horse was loaded, were called carriers, and a very numerous body they were—common, and very likely a favorite trade. They must have been men who had a constant reputation, or they would not have been trusted; they generally owned their horses, and used for safety against thieves to travel in companies. Little Peter Blundell was an errand boy to some of these men. He helped to tend the horses in the stables, and to pack the goods, and to run messages. A busy life he led no doubt. There never lacked a job for little Peter to do. He was a willing boy and made friends; what was still a rarer quality, he was a careful boy. There's many a merry and many a clever boy, but there are never many careful boys. In time his services grew most valuable and he earned good wages, so he began to put away a little, and at length it amounted up to a nice sum, and then he began to feel the cars of riches, and did not know what to do with it. He had helped his parents, but they would not touch his savings. Tiverton the manufacture of a cloth called kerseys was the trade of the place, and Peter, after having well determined to buy a kersey (that is, a whole piece of the cloth) and sell it again. But he could not afford to pay for its carriage on a good profit. A single piece was not worth the trouble, but one of the carriers whom Peter served offered to take along with the bale of goods on his pack horse, and sell it for the boy. The horse was used for the carriage of his work, and brought back the money, with a very good overlap on the prime



"PLEASE, FATHER, COME HOME EARLY."

and O don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may appear insignificant to many, the fulfillment or disappointment of their loving request brings much grief or joy to your "better halves." If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon home! and the pure love gushing from gentle loving hearts will be a sweet reward.





OPINIONS OF WORKING MEN.

The advantages of the Sabbath being strictly kept would be, the rearing of a race of intelligent beings, who, as soldiers, would be patriotic...

Urges upon your employer the great evils of Sabbath days' labour; also of paying wages on a Saturday night, as it not only prevents your laying out your little pittance to advantage...

The fifty-two Sabbaths of rest with which the year is interspersed are like patches of verdure, watered by ever-springing fountains that dot the inhospitable wilderness...

How to secure Monthly Packets of the BRITISH WORKMAN delivered at your own door, post free.

Packets of the British Workman will be forwarded to the following names, (on the receipt of which stamps) to the Publishers, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



Table with 4 columns: A packet of, Copies for, Or for one year, £ s. d.

\* Fewer than 4 copies cannot be sent at this rate post free.

SEVERAL LADIES have rendered an important service by enclosing our small circulars in their letters to correspondents.

AN UNEXPECTED communication cannot be attended to. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

REV. A. C. We are glad to find that by your excellent plan of giving one month's number amongst your parishioners, you have already secured 100 monthly subscribers.

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN is now sent at the railway rate, by the order of Messrs Smith & Son, a hope that some of our friends who travel will occasionally receive a few copies amongst the railway porters...

REV. W. We regret that the interesting communication from C. H. is unfortunately the best that remains from the substitution of tea and coffee for beer in the day and harvest fields, came too late for insertion.

Shows the spinning, long to view. The Sabbath men are right. That they may learn on heavenly law. And drink their usual supplies.

Assemble, forming 'em o'er the waters, When a'ke the merriment begun, Long, and long, and long, and long, To the great earthly jubilee begun.



"MINE'S A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS."

THERE is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, near the Land's End, where the people are very poor, but very pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not put to sea; at last, one Sabbath morning the wind changed, and some of the men, whose faith was weak, went out towards the beach, the women and children, looking on sadly, many saying with sighs, "I'm sorry in Sunday, but—"

"Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair wind, and foul." "This is the love of God that ye keep his law," Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; that's the law, friends, and our Lord come not to break, but to fulfill the law. True, we be poor, what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frowns. Go ye that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind.

of the rest. They returned to their homes, and made ready for the House of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden and terrible storm sprang up, that raged fearfully for two days. It would most likely have cost some of them their lives. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Reader, have you a religion for all weathers? Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psalm xxvii.

VISIT TO THE HAGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.

IN our last we referred to the remarkable transformation, from intemperance to sobriety, which has taken place during the last few years amongst a considerable number of the London coal-heavers. From the testimonies of these hard-landed sons of toil, we have gathered several important facts, which we trust will be serviceable to many of our readers.

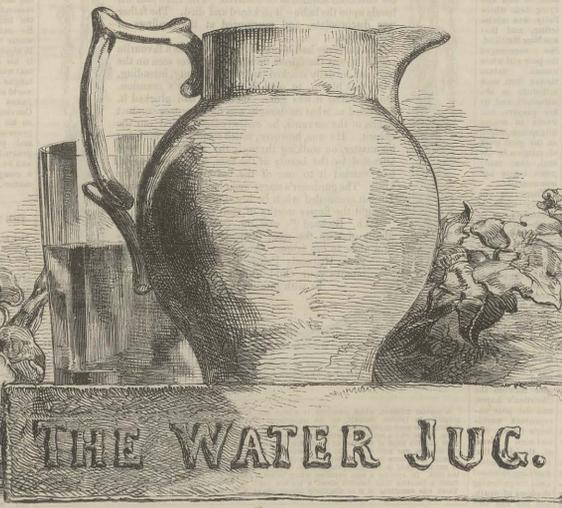
The following testimony from one of the oldest Hagerstone Coal-heavers shows the result of one act of kindness. JAMES SAINKER, of 19, Gloucester Street, states, "I was once a hard drinker, and, like all my mates, did not believe that our heavy work of carrying from 20 to 30 tons of coal on our backs every day, could be done without plenty of drink. Consequently we were always off to the public house, spending our money faster than we earned it, and too often getting into 'rows', and finding ourselves next morning in the 'lock up'."

"About 18 years ago, I worked at the Independent Gas Works, Hagerstone. I had been on what they call 'a fuddle' for three weeks. A few days before I gave up my drinking ways, and some of my mates took a cab and drove to one of our 'Call houses.' We ordered two gallons of gin, &c.,



six cigars, and a sovereign; we got them, for we coal-heavers being the publican's best customers, could get anything. We drank the ale, smoked the cigars, and spent the money coming home. The next morning I was terribly bad, and had something like the 'horrors.' How was I to cure it? The 'Anchor' was my doctor's shop. I went and called my mates, and we went to the foreman, and got, I think £5, and had another cab, and another drinking bout. At night I was found drunk on my way to work and on my way was met by a friend who spoke to me as an interested man kindly. I am sorry to say that I shamefully insulted him, but he bore it without turning again. Strange to say, he invited me to go and take tea with him, and then he invited me to go to a Temperance meeting being laid out by the kindness of some one else, and I agreed to go. That day I believe I had drunk twenty glasses of rum. But I signed the pledge for a month, and my mates, who were determined by God's help to keep it, had been before me from a total abstainer from both beer and tobacco, but it was against my will, for I was in Giltspur Street (prison) for 31 days, and there I got neither beer nor tobacco, and people generally leave such places the better for being without them. One of our old friends said, "This is my birthday, let us have some rum. But I had my pledge-card, and I said, 'No, I will stick to it.' My mate got worse, and I got better. At first my wife thought I was going to die, and I almost thought so too.

(To be continued.)



"If Employers would arrange to have a good supply of fresh sparkling Water always at hand in their Workshops, Warehouses, and Counting Houses, they would prevent many a visit to the gin-palace and beer-shop, and also would enable their hands to do more work with less fatigue."—DR. ELLIS.